LAUGHED AT DEATH.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE FAMOUS GAINSBOROUGH.

His Portrait of the Beautiful Duchess of Devonshire—How He Catered to His Love For Music—The Request of Sheridan and the Artist's Peculiar Death.

One of the most eminent names in British art is that of Thomas Gainsborough. He was born in Suffolk, England, in 1727, and died in London Aug 2, 1788, in his sixty-first year. He had a handsome face and easy, persuasive manners. He painted portraits, but was most distinguished as a landscape painter. Says a critic: "Nature sat to him in all her attractive attributes of beauty, and his pencil traced with peculiar and matchless facility her finest and most delicate lineaments, whether it was the sturdy oak, the twisted eglantine, the mower whetting his scythe, the whistling plowboy or the shepherd under the hawthorn in the dale—all came forth equally chaste from his inimitable and fanciful pencil."

He painted a portrait of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, but it was so little to his satisfaction that he refused to send it to Chatsworth. Her dazzling beauty and gay conversation took away, for the time, the readiness of his hand and the hasty happiness of his touch. Drawing his wet pencil across the mouth, which all who saw it thought exquisitely lovely, he said, "Her grace is too hard for me." The portrait is supposed to have been destroyed.

A certain lord once came to sit for a portrait. He had put on a new suit of clothes, with a well powdered wig. He took his seat with a practiced look of such importance and prettiness that Gainsborough began to laugh and was heard to mutter, "This will never do."

"Now, sir," said the lord, "I beg you will not overlook the dimple on my chin." "Confound the dimple on your chin," replied the artist. "I shall neither paint the one nor the other." He at once laid down his brushes and refused to resume them. He was not a flatterer with either his tongue or his pencil.

He had a love for music; but, while he possessed ear, taste and genius, he did not have application enough to learn his notes. He filled his house with all kinds of musical instruments. Having noticed a therbo in a painting he determined to possess one. He ascended to the garret of a German professor, who was found dining on roasted apples and smoking his pipe with his therbo beside him. "I am come," said Gainsborough, "to buy your lute. Name your price and here's your money."

"I can't sell my lute," replied the professor. "No, not for a guinea or two! But you must sell it, I tell you." "My lute is worth much money—it is worth 10 guineas." "Aye, that it is. See; here's the money."

So saying, Gainsborough took up the instrument, laid down the price and went half way down the stairs and then returned. "I have done but half my errand," he said. "What is your lute worth if I have not your book?" "What book, Master Gainsborough?" "Why, the book of airs you have composed for the lute." "Ah, sir, I can never part with my book." "Pooh, you can make another at any time. This is the book I mean. There's 10 guineas for it. So once more good day." He went down a few steps, when he returned again. "What is the use of your book to me if I don't understand it," he asked, "and your lute? You may take it again if you won't teach me to play on it. Come home with me and give me the first lesson."

"I will come tomorrow."

"You must come now."

"I must dress myself."

"For what? You are the best figure I have seen today."

"I must shave, sir."

"I honor your beard."

"I must, however, put on my wig."

"D—n your wig. Your cap and beard become you. Do you think if Vandyke was to paint you he'd let you be shaved?"

In this eccentric fashion he carried off the poor German professor to teach him the lute. He admitted to his table professors of all kinds of instruments except bag pipes.

Once when a gentleman played very finely, Gainsborough excitedly exclaimed, "Go on, and I will give you the picture of 'The Boy at the Stile,' which you so often wished to purchase of me." The gentleman proceeded, while the painter stood in speechless admiration, with tears of rapture on his cheeks. At the end of the music the gentleman called a coach and carried away the picture.

Sir George Beaumont, Sheridan and Gainsborough were to dine together on a certain occasion, says another. They met, but a cloud had descended upon the spirit of Gainsborough, and he sat silent, with a look of fixed melancholy which no wit could dissipate. At length he took Sheridan by the hand, led him out of the room and said: "Now, don't you laugh, but listen. I shall die soon. I know it. I have less time to live than my looks infer, but for this I care not. What oppresses my mind is this—I have many acquaintances and few friends, and I wish to have one worthy man to accompany me to the grave. I am desirous of bespeaking you. Will you come—aye or no?" Sheridan could scarcely repress a smile as he made the required promise. The looks of Gainsborough cheered up like the sunshine in one of his own landscapes. Throughout the rest of the evening his wit flowed and his humor ran over, and the minutes, like those of the poet, mingled their way with pleasure.

In view of this incident it was singular that about a year later Gainsborough went to hear the impeachment of Warren Hastings, in which Sheridan took such an important part, when he suddenly felt a peculiar sensation in his neck. This proved the cancer of which he died. He prepared himself for death with cheerfulness and composure. He remarked to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company," and immediately expired. Sheridan was faithful to his promise and followed his lamented and talented friend to the grave.—New York Mercury.

Her Voluntary Act.

"You sign this deed of your own free will, do you, madam?" asked the notary public.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the large, florid faced woman.

"I mean there has been no compulsion on the part of your husband, has there?"

"Him?" she ejaculated, turning to look at the meek little man sitting behind her. "I'd like to see him try to compulse me!" —Chicago Tribune.

The Hebrew population of London has more than doubled during the past 20 years. It is now estimated at between 100,000 and 120,000.

A Spoiled Girl of Nine Years.

Her name need not be given. It would be unkind to pillory a child for the sins of her foolish parents. She has a beautiful little sitting room in white and gold. The walls are hung in rose tinted silk, and special pieces of furniture have been designed for it, including a small secretary in ormolu with Sevres plaques, where she may carry on her little correspondence. Here are her toys, the elegant gifts she received from her friends, and there she receives her friends.

Adjoining this is her bedroom in satinwood, and a little brass couch hung with blue satin curtains. A dressing room is attached, and this is the culmination of luxury. The dressing room is quite large. The marble bath is set against the wall. The low marble basin is supplied with perfumed soaps. Sponges of all sizes and sorts hang in silver racks. Perfumed waters in cut glass bottles, cold creams, delicate lotions, all find a place. On her bureau are laid out expensive brushes and combs in repousse silver, and exquisite toilet bottles and manicure sets of pearl.

In one corner is placed a long cheval glass, in which she may contemplate her skirts and her dainty footgear. The impropriety of calling this child's attention so specifically to the care of the body is already manifested, and one can only wonder what there will be in reserve for her when she is grown.—Philadelphia Times.

How Eugenie Dressed.

The empress usually wore a velvet of rich dark colors, which were particularly becoming to her exquisitely fair complexion. The emperor liked to see her richly dressed and often objected to the extreme simplicity of her morning attire, which, it must be acknowledged, was often too fanciful to be appropriate to her high position. Everything she wore was well made and perfectly neat. Her hair was beautifully dressed, but she liked the comfort of loose garibaldi bodices of red flannel with a plain black silk skirt over a red flannel underskirt, all of which was concealed when she went out by a handsome cloak and the fur coverings of the open carriage.

I have seen her wear within the palace a tight jacket of knitted black wool, with a gray border, over the silk and crape dress which she wore as second mourning for her sister, the Duchess of Alva. It was a sort of wrap which one would expect to see on the shoulders of some old crone bending over her fire, rather than on the graceful figure of the beautiful empress of the French. I might quote other instances, such as a loose jacket of a small black and white check, bordered with red flannel, etc.—Century.

Beauties of the Material Life.

All the hymns, all the prayers, all the Scripture readings are as nothing unless you make their beauty come into your daily life, writes Ruth Ashmore in The Ladies' Home Journal. Take some of the care off the shoulders of the busy mother. Make life seem more pleasant by your gracious thought of that father who toils all day long. Make it easier for a sister to dislike the wrong and do the right. Show a brother the rosy side of the cross and so make it lighter for him to carry. And do all this, not with loud protestations, but quietly and gently, letting God's name be whispered in your heart and being only the sister and daughter without forcing the knowledge that you are the Christian. Then, very soon, some one will realize that your beautiful life is lived for Christ's sake and then you will represent him, as all women should, not by speaking from the pulpit, not by giving commands, but by living every day the life that he would wish should be yours.

A Modest Flagmaker.

There is a trim and pretty maiden in New York city who never speaks about the new woman or of woman's rights and yet who has gone right in as if she believed in the new woman just the same.

The young woman's name is Miss Zellia Citti, and she is in the business of making ensigns, jacks, burgees and flags for yachts.

Several years ago she happened in a roundabout way to make a flag for a yacht. She made it so well as to attract attention, and soon the yachtsmen of New York were patronizing her. As time passed onward and her fame spread she found that orders came in from all over the country. So she opened a modest little shop in South street and began the first step toward fortune. Miss Citti now has a big shop and employs a corps of assistants. Yet she is never spoken of as one of "those new women."—New York Journal.

Scripture Cakes.

A formula for Scripture cake is sent to Household News by a woman who adds the information that she realized $10 for the sale of slices of this cake, with its recipe, for two days at a church fair:

SCRIPTURE CAKE.

One cup of butter—Judges v, 25.

Three and a half cups of flour—I Kings iv, 22.

Three cups of sugar—Jeremiah vi, 20.

Two cups of raisins—I Samuel xxx, 12.

Two cups of figs—I Samuel xxx, 12.

One cup of water—Genesis xxiv, 17.

One cup of almonds—Genesis xliii, 11.

Six eggs—Isaiah x, 14.

One tablespoonful of honey—Exodus xvi, 21.

A pinch of salt—Leviticus ii, 13.

Spices to taste—I Kings x, 10.

Follow Solomon's advice for making good boys and you will have a good cake—Proverbs xiii, 14.

A Mother's Love.

Washington Irving said: "The love of a mother is never exhausted; it never changes; it never tires. A father may turn his back upon his child, brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands, but a mother's love endures through all—in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways and repent. Still she remembers the infant smiles that filled her heart with rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his childhood, the opening promise of his youth, and she can never be brought to think him unworthy."

Children and Disease.

Children should never be allowed to chew gum promiscuously, nor to put slate or lead pencils in the mouth. The necessity of these cautions may be readily demonstrated. Suppose a family whose members all seem to be in the best of health. They are in the habit of using dishes promiscuously. One of the children complains of sore throat and within a day or two it develops into malignant diphtheria. All those children who have been using the same spoon or other utensils used by the sick child are infected, and thus the whole family may be exposed to that most dread disease.

MELONS FROM DUST.

ONLY FRUIT THAT WILL GROW IN THE STAKED PLAINS.

Large and Juicy Watermelons Produced on the "Great American Desert," Where It Never Rains—A Partial Explanation of the Mystery.

When a stranger visits these "staked plains" of Texas, he soon learns not to be surprised at anything he sees. He has heard of this region all his life as a portion of the "Great American desert" and one of the driest parts of the world. He finds by actual observation that few crops will grow here on account of the dryness. It seems to be too dry for corn, wheat, oats, cotton, garden vegetables or fruit of any description. The few farmers in the country content themselves with raising hay or sorghum cane. Yet, strange to relate, there is one plant in whose favor nature chooses to make an exception. She seems to have made a law forbidding food plants to grow in this region and then arbitrarily to have suspended this law in one instance. To heighten the audacity of this move on her part she seems to have racked her brain for the vegetable growth which we would least expect to find here. The one she selected was the watermelon.

Every farmer's boy knows that ordinarily the watermelon requires a great deal of moisture before it will grow well. It also generally requires shade. In the east the watermelon patch is frequently in some cool or moist corner of the cornfield, where the growing vines will soon be overshadowed by the stalks of corn. This is not merely for the benefit of such neighboring boys as may desire to eat watermelons without disturbing the general public, but it is also for the benefit of the melons themselves.

Boys accustomed to look for melons in such places as that would be surprised to find them in this country lying out on the open prairie, where the hot sun glares down on them all day long, with never a cloud to interpose and never a tree or a bush for shade as far as the eye can reach. Sometimes not a drop of rain falls from the time the seed is planted in the spring until the melon is eaten in the early summer. Yet they thrive. And such melons as there are too! Long, slender ones and big round ones, light green ones, dark green ones and striped ones—and all ponderous, big fellows. To come some morning about sunrise, while it is yet cool, and see a vast stretch of such fruit nestling down amid the short, curly mesquite grass on some 40 or 80 acres of land is enough to make a white man's mouth water like that of a horse in a field of new clover and to make a black man drop dead in his tracks from derangement of the heart functions. This is nothing, though, compared to coming to such a patch about noon, when the vertical rays of the sun are pouring down at their fiercest and when your throat is parched with a thirst that is fiercer still. At such a time as this you slip your left arm through the bridle rein of your tired pony, lift some long, striped melon with both hands, drop it and allow it to break in some half a dozen pieces. Then you gulp down great mouthfuls of the juicy, watery, red pulp and forget that there is not a river or creek or spring or drop of surface water of any kind for 50 miles around. Then you pause for a moment and think of the wonderful power that can enable the small vine to find so much water in so dry a land. Then you break one or two especially big, juicy melons for the benefit of your pony, who has already been sniffing at them a little impatiently. If you neglect either this thought or this deed, you are a meaner brute than this same pony—which is saying a great deal.

The method of cultivating watermelons on the staked plains is comparatively simple. It consists in making a small hole in the ground and dropping a seed into it. After this the training of the melon is left to the melon itself. In some places you find what are known as wild watermelons, but it is commonly believed that these come up where tame melons have been thrown away, and their seeds have found a chance lodgment in the soil of the prairie.

It is easy to find a partial explanation as to how the melons subsist in such a dry region. The explanation involves an understanding of the water supply on the plains, which in itself is a remarkable matter. Dry as this country is, one can find water anywhere in it by digging about 50 feet for it. By boring a hole to that depth and inserting a two inch pipe one obtains a water supply which it is impossible to exhaust. It seems that a vast sheet of water underlies this whole region. This sheet of water is evidently considerably higher than the level of the country just south and east of the staked plains. The plains proper begin with Polo Duva Canyon, where rocky bluffs suddenly rise precipitously to the height of from 120 to 200 feet. The level of the vast sheet of subterranean water referred to is evidently from 70 to 150 feet higher than this adjacent country, and why the water does not run out is a mystery. Some peculiar formation of rocks like the rim of a washbasin must account for it. This water is clear and cool, and it is as good for all purposes as any in the world. Many people who have studied the matter believe that by using windmills to draw this water to the surface for purposes of irrigation the whole problem of agriculture in this arid country can eventually be solved.

There are several reasons why the "Panhandle" of Texas has not attracted any more attention than it has in the watermelon markets of the world. To begin with, the only railroad passing through the country is the Fort Worth and Denver. Many carloads of melons are shipped over this line every season to Denver, but they are all consumed in the Rocky mountain region, and hence attract little or no attention in the east. Then, again, the average Panhandler openly disregards the Scriptural injunction about not despising the day of small things. Unless he can market 10 or 12 carloads he thinks it is too small a matter to be fooling with. He is generally a stockraiser and considers anything of an agricultural nature as a trifle below his dignity anyway, especially unless it is on a very large scale.—Amarillo (Tex.) Cor. New York Tribune.

Her Belief.

Miss Sweetsixteen—Do you believe in the single tax?

Miss Passe—Emphatically. I believe every bachelor should be taxed so heavily that he would have to marry in self defense.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Merciless Feminine Fray.

"Miss Passe indulged in somewhat withering sarcasm when she was talking of you."

"It is her privilege, poor thing. She is somewhat withering herself."—Indianapolis Journal.

A TURKISH FIRE BRIGADE.

Its Extinguishing Apparatus Is Generally of but Little Avail.

A Turkish fire engine consists simply of a hand pump supported on two long poles and carried on the shoulders of four of the firemen. The latter make a great show of haste. They run at a brisk trot, and keep shouting and yelling all the way, pushing rudely aside all wayfarers who are unlucky enough to get in their line of march. But, in truth Turks are seldom in a hurry. It may be that their speed in setting out is stimulated more by the expectation of being able to levy "backsheesh" if they are early on the scene, than by any ardent desire to quench fire. The clothing they wear is white, and their lower limbs and feet are bare; consequently their progress is noiseless but for the yells they emit as they push along.

There is a high tower in Stamboul and another on the other side of the Golden Horn at Galata, both of which display flags on the alarm of fire. The flags are supposed to indicate the locality of the fire, but as several localities are sometimes enlivened by fires about the same time, these indications cannot always be very explicit. If fires break out during the night, the bekjies (night watchmen) take up the cry and bawl out with discordant intonation where the fire is supposed to be.

When that formidable company of firemen with the hand pump arrives on the scene of conflagration the bach first of all calls at the contiguous houses as yet untouched by fire and endeavors to extort backsheesh for the exertions his men are about to make to save property. And woe betide those who admit these rascals. For the furniture is dragged out into the street, and if the household goods are not plundered there, they are probably destroyed beyond recovery. The writer has been told that householders generally prefer to bolt their iron doors and shut their iron shutters rather than give access to those plundering ruffians. Their extinguishing apparatus is generally of little avail.—J. Arthur Grey in Cassier's Magazine.

COMMUNICABILITY OF CANCER

Its Possibility Not Proved—Conclusion Reached by a Medical Writer.

An interesting article on the alleged communicability of cancer of malignant growth appears in The Medical Record. It says, in part:

From the time that the malignancy of cancer was recognized, the question of communicability has borne the brunt of the most earnest investigation, and the hope of its solution has stimulated the most ingenious experimentation of earnest investigators. The results of all such studies have been entirely negative. There are no proofs of which we have any knowledge that cancer has ever been directly or indirectly propagated from one human being to another. It is true that there is published an occasional case in which there would appear on superficial examination to be a direct relation between cause and effect, but when such are critically examined the theory of propagation vanishes in face of a conscientiously critical analysis. At best they are coincidental circumstances following the general law of accidents. Experiments in the lower animals have thus far amounted to nothing, and practically we are as much in the dark regarding the true etiology of cancer and its real methods of dissemination as ever.

The investigations in these directions have been exceedingly interesting, although mostly instructive from a negative view.

A person predisposed to any disease is always an easy victim when any definite, exciting cause presents itself, while one without such tendencies escapes every time.

The writer concludes by saying that the death of a physician of this city from supposed inoculation of cancer "was undoubtedly one of predisposition to malignant disease that developed in due time, the supposed inoculation from a cancerous patient having no more causative relation to it than any other purely coincidental circumstance."—New York Tribune.

Dried Fruits.

It is said that the reason why dried fruits, and especially California dried fruits, fail to give the satisfaction that they should to the economical housewife is because they are not soaked in water long enough before cooking to restore the water extracted from them by the drying process. As it requires considerable time to dry fruits properly, it cannot be expected that four or five hours will be sufficient for cooking them as well as for the preliminary process of soaking. The rules for cooking such fruits sent out by the San Jose board of trade say that the fruits must be soaked in as much cold water as they will absorb from 24 to 36 hours. A pound of fruit is then swelled to three or four times that quantity, and is to be simmered in the water in which it was soaked until tender. It should be kept closely covered while cooking, and also after removing from the fire until cold. The sugar should be added a few minutes before the fruit is taken from the fire and allowed to boil up once. Though a certain quantity of sugar is given for each fruit, it should, we think, depend on the taste of the family where it is cooked, as some persons like tart and others very sweet fruit.—New York Post.

Quite a Difference.

"What's the matter, William?" said the wealthy householder. "Anything gone wrong?"

"Not exactly gone wrong, sir, but I want a new understanding."

"What about?"

"My pay, sir."

"Why, you get very good wages for a cook."

"Yes, sir. They does very well for a cook, sir. But I overheard you when you were talking to your friends, sir. You called me your chef."

"Well, you ought to be complimented."

"Yes, sir, I'm complimented. But business is business. I can't be a chef for less than $3,000 a year. Wages is all right for a cook, but a chef has to have a salary."—Washington Star.

A Gentle Hint.

Whistler, the artist, once sat at the theater next to a lady who was going in and out of her seat constantly, not only as soon as each act was finished, but also while the play was going on. The space between the rows of seats was very narrow, and the artist was subjected to much annoyance as she passed him. "Madam," he said at length in his sweetest tones, "I trust I do not incommode you by keeping my seat?"

The Chicagoan Abroad.

Old Friend—What did you see in England that most amused you?

Returned Traveler (promptly)—Englishmen.—Chicago Record.

MARKET REPORT.

Wheat, white	68
Wheat, red	68
Oats	18-22
Rye	30
Corn, old ear	15
Corn, shelled	30
Potatoes	15
Beans	80-90
Apples per bu	$1-$1 50
Clover Seed	$5-$6.51
Butter	14
Eggs	10-11
Honey	10
Onions, per bu	10
Green Hides	05

All last winter Mr. Geo. A. Mills, of Lebanon, Conn., was badly afflicted with rheumatism. At times it was so severe that he could not stand up straight, but was drawn over on one side. "I tried different remedies without receiving relief," he says, "until about six months ago I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. After using for three days my rheumatism was gone and has not returned since. For sale by C. E. Mahan, druggist.

A Wise Man.

"Bunkins, I guess, is about the smartest man of his years in this community," said the citizen who observes.

"Knows a great deal, does he?"

"Knows a great deal! I should say so. Why, sir, that man knows almost as much as his 19-year-old daughter, who is in the high school."—Washington Star.

WON HIS CASE

A Philadelphia Lawyer's Idea of Thrift and How It Worked.

Over in Philadelphia dwelt a young law student who fell in love, just as he was about to be admitted to practice. The girl's father also belonged to the profession and was reckoned pretty smart, as Philadelphia lawyers go. The old fellow gave a partial consent to the young man's pleadings, but concluded he would try the student and see if he was worthy to be his son-in-law. So he said:

"The case of Blank against Blank has been on the calendar for years. It has been tried, appealed, reversed, tried again and comes up again for argument at the next general term. I am counsel for the plaintiff. I have had the case four years, but now I turn it over to you. Here are the papers. See what you can do."

The young man took the papers and went to work with a vim born of love—for if he won the case would he not also win a bride? At last life seemed to him worth the living. He studied the case thoroughly. He consulted the authorities and was loaded and primed for a brilliant argument when the court convened. He made his plea and won the case without any trouble.

With a heart overflowing with joy he returned to his prospective father in law and, slapping down the papers, he exclaimed:

"See here, sir! The case is won! These are the proofs. What you tried for years to do I have accomplished at a single term of court. Now, may I leave your daughter?"

The old fellow looked up with a smile upon his face as he replied:

"I think you a fool and you can't have my daughter. But I will just give you a little gratuitous advice. It is true I had the case four years without winning it, and it is also true that I made thousands of dollars out of it. But you have gone and settled it, and what have you made? About $50. No, sir, you can't have my daughter!"—New York Journal.

A Stunning Speech.

A distinguished traveler who had made the ascent of an Asiatic mountain (which may be here called Upapol) was to return thanks for the visitors at a dinner of the Alpine club, but though he was a bold mountaineer, he was a timid orator. "Got to make a speech?" said a friend whom he consulted at the club. "Then there is nothing like taking a glass of sherry and bitters first." So said other friends, one after the other, and on each occasion the prescribed dose was conscientiously swallowed. The effect on a nervous organization was nothing less than confusion worse confounded.

When his achievement had been described in glowing terms by the proposer of the toast and the celebrated explorer rose to reply, he contented himself at first with smiling blandly at his audience for a minute or two as he swayed backward and forward. Then he began: "Gentlemen, Upapol is 17,000 levels above the feet of the sea." There was a roar of Homeric laughter, but the orator smiled still and continued: "No, that is all—norsense. Of course I mean 20,000 seas above the level of the feet." Another shout made him think that this statement, too, had something wrong about it, and then he gave up his task in despair, and we never heard particulars of an ascent which we were quite prepared to celebrate as the most remarkable feat of modern climbing.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Mary Mapes Dodge and Emerson.

It is interesting how strong the influence of a face sometimes is. A friend of Mary Mapes Dodge, who had occasion one day to go with her into a private room in her charming apartment in Fifty-eighth street, stopped for a moment by the door to examine a large framed photograph hanging on the wall. It was a very beautifully finished head of Emerson.

Mrs. Dodge turned back and exclaimed: "You are admiring my Emerson! It is one of the dearest things I possess. It goes with me everywhere, though I do not often carry about his essays. The face is constant enough help."—New York Herald.

Have You Had the Grip?

If you have, you probably need a reliable medicine like Foley's Honey and Tar to heal your lungs and stop the racking cough incidental to this disease.

C. E. MAHAN.

PROBATE ORDER:—State of Michigan, County of Gratiot, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county, held at the Probate Office in the village of Ithaca on the 17th day of February in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six. Present, John M. Everden, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Sarah T. Fitzgerald deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Dennis Fitzgerald, praying that an administrator be appointed of the estate of said deceased.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 16th day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs-at-law of said deceased and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden in the Probate Office, in the village of Ithaca and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted: and it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the ALMA RECORD, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

(A true copy). JOHN M. EVERDEN,

[SEAL.] 885-4w Judge of Probate.